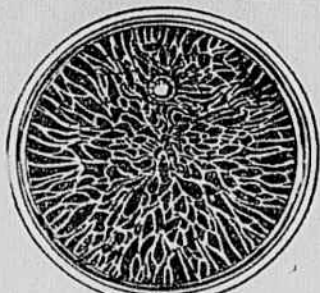
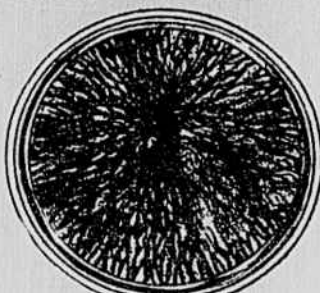


# "Why Blondes Must Be Abolished"

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The "Roving Blue Eye." The Inside (Retina) of a Blonde's Eye, Showing the Faint Light Lines with Which It is Marked. The Lightness Is Due to Its Pigmentation.



The "Home-Loving Brown Eye." The Retina of a Brunette's Eye is Remarkably Different from That of the Blonde, Being Covered with Heavy, Dark Markings.

**A Disturbing Element in the Modern World, Says Edna Goodrich (Mrs. Nat Goodwin No. 4), and Civilization Ought to Do Away with Them So We Can All Be Happy Brunettes**

By Edna Goodrich

THERE are no more real frontiers left in the world; no more need of pioneering. What the world needs is peace and quiet to develop what it has.

Therefore the blonde ought to be abolished. Civilization has no more need of him—and necessarily her; it has outgrown the blonde.

That is why the blonde ought to be abolished.

All through history the blonde has made it his chief business to leap into the lime light and die. The blonde is the creator and the destroyer of empires. He wears himself out building them and is destroyed in pulling them down. Meanwhile the simple brunette is engaged in producing bread and butter. We owe all our big things—good and bad—to the blonde; all our conservatism and backwardness to the brunette. Making bread and butter is a much more useful occupation than leaping into the limelight and dying.

What is the use of creating empires only to pull them down? Conservatism is what gives us opportunity to develop what we have.

We are at the end of the greatest age of high light progress the world has ever seen. It has been mostly engineered by the blondes—and what is the result? Discontent, unrest in every part of the world. What the world needs is a long conservative resting spell to fill in the gaps left by the blondes; a thoughtful, conservative period. Only the brunettes can give this to the world. Every blonde is an obstruction to this necessary period of harmonizing. Therefore I say again, abolish the blonde. When the period of conservatism and development needs to come to an end, Nature will produce the blondes in such quantities that they can't be suppressed. It's a way Nature has. But for a little time let us have peace.

The age of conservatism, of woman, of the brunette is dawning.

It was the blonde Teuton who burst upon the dark-skinned Romans and taught them to wear trousers. That is, it taught men to wear them. But it never taught women nor the established churches. Women and the churches are conservative, permanent, unchangeable.

History shows us that every light-haired race has been marauders, invaders, robbers on a heroic scale. Every dark-haired race has been thinkers, developers. The bee is a brunette; the wasp a blonde.

The "roving blue eye" has passed into a proverb. The home-loving brown eye into another. Both reflect the wisdom of the

race. The "roving blue eye" does not mean, as so many think, that the eye itself roams. Its owner roams. Always has roamed, always will. The time is over for roaming. We want people who will stay at home and develop what we have. We want a world of brunettes.

We are accustomed to associate darkness with evil, light with good. Our legends of the Round Table and of the Paladins picture ideal heroes and heroines as blondes, tyrants of both sexes, scoundrels and adventuresses as brunettes. Our mistake lies in false logic—we have reasoned from an effect, overlooking the cause.

What caused the blondes? Generations ago a blonde. Sonnet of the cruel Roman North. And the brunettes? The warmth and graciousness of much sunlight. Observe how the childish old theory reverses itself in the light of correct reasoning.

All of the light in the blondes is external; within they are filled with the dark broodings, the deceptions, the subtleties and the devious promptings which centuries of chill damps and an over-proportion of sunless days bred into them. They are not to blame, but it is so.

It would be superfluous for me to say that the blonde must go for she is going. Slowly but surely she is disappearing from the face of the earth. I can cite to you as many authorities as you like. My favorite is Professor Otis Mason, the head of the Department of Anthropology at the St. Louis Exposition, who said:

"Blondes are vanishing from America, because Americans have a strong liking for the dark eyes and hair represented by the American Indian. By a process of natural selection they are abolishing the blonde."

In Wellesley College, whose motto is, "Not to be ministered unto but to minister," the tendency to snub the blonde, as it were, turn her out of the race, is evident for at a recent poll-taking of the engaged girls it was found that 85 per cent of those who were soon to marry were brunettes and only 15 per cent blondes.

Another evidence is that a man known as "The chorus king," who has employed fifteen thousand women for the stage, now insists upon employing only brunettes, because audiences prefer them. Here we have proofs of popular taste from opposite extremes of society.

Never have I for a moment been tempted to transform myself into a blonde. Never have I wanted to be a blonde.

When I was a school girl I learned that there are more light-eyed men and women

"The blonde throughout the ages has been the remorseless, inveterate man catcher. From the days of the cave dwellers until now she has snatched away the mates and lovers of the gentle brunettes."

than dark ones in prison, and I have long known that there are more blondes than brunettes in homes for the imbecile and feeble-minded.

I did not need the assurance of a brunette scientist that blondes are more delicate. All the victims of tuberculosis I have known were blondes. Being delicate, they are the first victims of any epidemic. Their chances for long life are poor indeed.

Blondes have less intellectual as well as physical vigor than brunettes. A blonde's emotions are shallow. Her affections are not deep.

Even in the matter of character I prefer to be what I am, a brunette. A brunette is sturdy of character, as of feeling; strong in mind and body. It is a mark of the long-delayed intelligence on the stage that the villainess is no longer played by a brunette. Ella Proctor Otis, the greatest villainess, probably, on the American stage, gives her wicked women fair or red hair.

Let your eyes sweep the dark pages of history made dark by women. Cleopatra, who overturned an empire, and who slew her lovers when she tired of them, was a Titian-haired blonde.

Helen of Troy, for whom a city was sacked, was a blonde. So was La Pompadour, who ruled behind a throne. Gaby Deslys, who kicked one over with her nimble toe, is a blonde.

Those women who have been moving figures in the great murder trials in New York were, with one exception, blondes. Nan Patterson, a trouble-maker for men, and who was accused of murdering Caesar Young, was very fair. Lillian Graham attempted to kill W. E. D. Stokes. Another blonde, Florence Burns, who received a Scotch verdict for the slaying of Walter Brooks, and who is now in State's Prison, was a golden blonde. The women who go to the all-night cafes and to whom the know-it-alls point as "the woman for whom Blank deserted his family and then shot himself," blondes all of them. Beulah Blinford, Florence Schenk, blondes! I have not room on this page to name them all.

The most faithful sweethearts in history were dark-eyed women. Think of the constancy

of Heloise. Remember the life-long wanderings of Evangeline in search of her lover. Isabella of Castile had eyes like a velvet chestnut.

These objections of mine to faults which I find in the blonde are largely, you say, those of sentiment. Well, then, here is one of science. A brunette was the first woman. Without doubt Eve was a brown-eyed woman with black hair. I know the painters have enjoyed bestowing upon her a flood of sun-tinted hair, but science shows that when the countries whence the blondes came, Norway and Sweden and Denmark, were still covered by a film of ice brunettes were living and loving, were wives and mothers and sufficed and would still suffice without the fair-haired intruder.

Major Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon in the



Miss Edna Goodrich, the Charming Actress, Whose Astonishing Assault Upon Blondes Is Given Here.

United States Army, said: "Pigmentation is a defense against light," and "Black is like a reducer in electricity, reducing a high tension of light which is unendurable to a low tension which is endurable."

Professor W. G. McGee, the anthropologist, said: "The blonde is the result of culture, the brunette of vigor."

Otherwise phrased, the truth is that the blonde is an artificial type, the brunette a natural one. There is between them the difference between the orchid and the rose. J. C. Cummins, secretary for one of the great life insurance companies, has discovered that there is a greater risk in insuring the life of a blonde than of a brunette. He has said that the mortality is considerably greater among blondes. The death rate is higher. The blonde dies in hot weather or under stress of disease as flies at the first chill Autumn day, or East Side babies of New York on a mid August day.

So the blondes are going. They ought, for the good of civilization, to go faster. How can that be managed? Well, this is a scientific age. The new science of eugenics is gaining support everywhere. Why not direct the forces of eugenics against the disturbing blondes who remain? Then, after eugenics commissions have educated people to believe it undesirable for blonde children to be brought into the world, the tendency will be failure on the part of blondes to secure wives or husbands.

It is a pity that there should be so many "old maids" in the world, but it is better that they should all be blondes and that not a single physically and mentally eligible brunette be left unwedded.

## Telling Nationality by Boiled Eggs

SHERLOCK HOLMES might have figured this out, but he did not.

The average Englishman will always demand his eggs boiled just three minutes, then he places it in an egg cup just large enough to comfortably have the egg fit in, taps the top of the shell and removes the broken shell with his fingers. The egg is eaten a spoonful at a time.

A Frenchman, much like the Englishman, likes his eggs of three minutes, exactly. He then "peels" them, places them in a glass, stirs and mixes well together with salt, pepper and butter. He makes a practise of dipping bread into the mixture and eating it along with the eggs.

A Spaniard wouldn't think of letting his eggs boil more than one minute. He then breaks it and lets the contents run into a glass, and consumes it as though he were draughting down a glass of wine.

An egg is only fit in an Italian's estimation when it has been placed in cold water and removed just as the water begins to boil. He then breaks it, pours it on a plate and proceeds to sop it up with bread.

The German, like the Italian demands his eggs as near the liquid state as possible. He breaks his eggs in an unsightly cup and scoops the liquid out as though it were soup.

The American is about the only one that prefers his eggs boiled hard. When they are served up to him, he knives them in half, removes the contents into a glass, after which he adds a plentiful supply of pepper, butter and salt. He then minces the eggs fine, mixing them well with the spices, and eats them with his toast.

"Cleopatra was a blonde. She had red hair and green eyes. She loved to watch men suffering. She is the type."

